

Paying the Fee

or How a Huge Breakfast Saved Me!

but killed my parents.

...this last a sad tale dominating social media, but most people had given up the indigestible fibre toast responsible, so the latest fear is dated.

But our most famous proverb lives still!
To live you must pay the FEE!

FEE=Fear of Everything Eventually.

Our pal, Murphsy, exempted by virtue of having his yellowing hand on the elaborate handle of Death's Door!

Something he ate or didn't?

The wrong pill?

Or the right one in excess?

Who knows?

But somewhere in the media flood
of medical disasters is an answer!

So, we pay attention and pass all
insane cues as to cures to our
dying friend.

Hey! Forget it all! Nation Day is
coming, our blowup, blowoff time!

When our conquerors thrown out
on their fat asses!

To hear them tell it, how they fled
incorrigible us.

What the hell! Most of us combine
the two unstable races.

Anyway, the clothing “fashions” this
year even more garishly tasteless.

Cost-saving for us, since we’ll
need them for Murphsy’s funeral.